if anie speake to her first she whistles
and then begines her compasse with her fingers
and points to what she would haue.

Petru. What new way's this?

Pedeo. There came in Mr. Sophocles. — Enter Sopho.

Petru. And what did Mr. Sophocles when he came in?
gett my trunckes readie, Ile be gone straight.

Pedeo Hee's here to tell you.
shee's horne mad Jaques.

Sopho. Call ye this a woman?

Petru Yes Sir shee's a woman.

Sopho. I doubt it.

Petru. I had thought you had made experience.

Sopho yes I did so.
and almost with my life.

Petru. You ride to fast Sir.

Sopho. Pray be not you mistaken, by this light
your wife is chaste and honest as a virgin
for anie thing I know; 'tis true she gaue me
a ring.

Petru. for rutting

Sopho. You are much deceiu'd still
I sweare I neuer kist her since, and now
comming in visitation like a freind,
I thinke she is mad, Sir; suddenly she started,
and snatcht y^e ringe away, and drew her knife out
to what intent I know not.

Petru. Is this certaine?

Sopho. As I am here Sir.

Petru. I beleeue ye honest. — Enter Maria.
and pray continue so.

Soph. she

Sopho. She comes.

Petru. Now damzell
what will your beauty doe if I forsake you?
doe you deale by signes and tokens? as I ghesse then
you'le walke abroad this summer and catch captaines,
or hire a peece of holy ground ith suburbs
and keepe a neast of nunnes.

Sopho. O doe not stirre her,
you see in what case she is.

Petru. She is dogged
and in a beastly case, I am sure, Ile make her,
if she haue anie tongue, yet tattle, Sophocles
prethee obserue this woman seriously
and eye her well, and when thou hast done, but tell me
(for thou hast vnderstanding in what case
my sence was when I chose this thing.

Sopho. Ile tell ye,
I haue seene a sweeter

Petru. A hundred times cry oysters.
there's a poore begger wench about Blackfryers
runs on her breech, may be an Empresse to her.

Sopho. Nay now you are too bitter

Petru. Neuer a whit Sir,
Ile tell thee woman, for now I haue a day to see thee,
and all my wits about me, and Ile speake,
not out of passion neither (leaue your mumping)
I know y'ar well enough, now would I giue
a million but to vex her, when I chose thee
to make a bedfellow; I tooke more trouble
then 20 termes can come to such a cause
of such a title, and so euerlasting

That